

The Democratic Press.

J. D. MOUDY, Proprietor.

"Where Liberty Dwells, there is my Country."

\$1.50 Per Annum.--In Advance.

VOL. I.

EATON, PREBLE COUNTY, OHIO, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1860.

NO. 7.

J. M. FOOS, J. V. CAMPBELL,
FOOS & CAMPBELL,
[SUCCESSORS TO GILMORE & CAMPBELL.]
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
AND NOTARIES PUBLIC.
Office on Main Street, west side of
doors north of Main street.
August 23, 1860. if

ROBERT MILLER, J. A. GILMORE,
MILLER & GILMORE,
Attorneys at Law,
EATON, OHIO.

Office in the old store of Jonathan Campbell's
new brick building, north side of
Main street, opposite the court house.
August 23, 1860. if

S. BANTA,
Attorney at Law,
AND NOTARY PUBLIC,
Office West of C. Vanaunder & Co.,
EATON, OHIO.
August 23, 1860. if

N. DUNN,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.
Office opposite the court house, 2 doors
above the Post Office.
Deeds, Mortgages, Articles of Agreement,
Ac. &c., drawn and acknowledgments taken.
By prompt attention to business he hopes to
merit a liberal share of public patronage.
August 23, 1860. if

K. R. STEPHENS, M. F. STEPHENS,
STEPHENS & BROS.,
Dealers in Staple & Fancy

DRY GOODS,
Trimmings, Hosiery, Queensware,
Miller Goods, Notions, Embroideries, &c.
Main st., opposite the court house Eaton, O.
We offer great bargains to cash customers.
August 23, 1860. if

JACOB WINTERS, PETER SHAFNER,
Eagle Hotel,
WINTERS & SHAFNER,
PROPRIETORS.

Baron st., between Main & Somers,
EATON, OHIO.

Good Stabling for one hundred and fifty
horses. August 23, 1860. if

American House.
J. C. BONER, Proprietor.
Main St., opposite Odd Fellows Building,
EATON, OHIO.

THE Proprietor having recently purchased
the American and refitted and re-
furnished it in good style, is now prepared to
accommodate guests in the most satisfactory
manner.

Good Stabling for 100 Horses.
Eaton, August 23, 1860. if

Meredith House,
Corner Main and Fifth streets.
RICHMOND, IND.
WINCHESTER & COWLES,
Proprietors.

O. H. GIFFROY, PETER GIBSON,
GIBSON HOUSE,
Walnut Street,
West side between Fourth and Fifth,
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

O. H. GIFFROY & Co., Proprietors.
HAMILTON HOUSE.
North-west corner of second and high st.,
Hamilton Ohio.

THIS House has been re-opened since the
first of July 1860, and thoroughly re-
novated and re-furnished. Patronage is re-
spectfully solicited. THOMPSON BERRY,
August 23, 1860. if Proprietor.

WILLIAM ENGLE,
Fashionable Tailor,
over W. C. Campbell's Book Store,
where he is prepared to make anything in his
line, in the latest and most approved style.

Thankful for past favors, he respectfully
solicits of his old friends and patrons a con-
tinuance of their custom. Repairing and
cutting done on short notice.
Eaton, August 23, 1860. if

CHARLES P. THUM,
Merchant Tailor!
Rooms in A. A. Seibert's building, formerly
occupied by Lockwood's Shoe store, on Bar-
on street.

He has on hand a fine Assortment of
READY MADE CLOTHING!

All kinds of Clothing made to order.

He has on hand a fine assortment of
Clothing, Cassimeres & Vestings,
As can be found in the town.
Eaton, Ohio, August 30, 1860. 2-ly

EATON BOOT AND SHOE
STORE.
BECKER & RUHL,

TAKE this method of informing the public
that they are still carrying on the above
business, on Bar on street, three doors North
of the post office, where they would be happy
to meet their old friends, customers and ever-
body wanting any thing in their line. Will
sell cheap for Cash, or to good men on Time.
All prices warranted. All work war-
ranted. Give us a call and we will con-
vince you that you can make money by buy-
ing of our shop.
Eaton, August 23, 1860. if

Selected Poetry.

I am Weary.
BY MYRTILLA.

I am lonely—I am weary—
I am troubled and distressed—
All the world is dark and dreary—
Here for me there is no rest.

This poor heart knows naught but sorrow,
Disappointment, grief, and pain,
And each awfully coming morrow
Finds the heart and heart again.

I am fondled—I am flattered—
I am honored and caressed;
But this aching heart is never
To a loving bosom pressed;

No dear, loved one ever whispers
"I will be thy guard and guide—
I will share thy burdens with thee
As we sail o'er life's rough tide."

Lo! upon life's restless ocean
I am struggling all alone—
None to share my lot and portion—
None to cheer me as I roam;

All to me is dark and cheerless,
Future joys I may not see;
But I'll onward, bold and fearless—
What is happiness to me?

Happiness, alluring ever!
Once I had thee in my grasp;
But thou'rt gone, and gone forever—
Yes, forever—from my clasp!

Nevermore thou'lt come to cheer me,
Nevermore allume my way—
All is dreary, dark and dreary,
As the future I survey.

Friendship calls me light and trifling—
Cold as ice, and hard as steel;
Yet within this weary bosom
Beats a heart that used to feel—

That would smile at sorrow's tear,
That would weep at sorrow's tear;
But that heart is crushed and broken—
Now there's no affection here.

Loving once, I will love no more—
Trusting once, I will trust no more,
Until Death all shall sever:
May ita troubles then be over!

Yes—I'm lonely, and am weary,
And my troubled heart doth moan
That the world should seem so dreary,
I'm alone—alone—alone!

But I will not be dejected—
No! I'll dash these thoughts away:
If by all the world rejected,
I'll press on my lonely way.

Peace, my heart! cease thy repining—
I have cast all love away;
And though oft to grief inclining,
And shall see me cold and gay.

Peace, I say! Why dost thou murmur?
Hast thou not been once deceived?
Canst thou give affection's fervor
To the heart with whom thou'rt pleased?

No—thou canst not: thou wilt never
Love a human soul again;
But till time thy chords shall sever,
Queen of cold hearts thou shalt reign.

A few days since one of our
railroad agents—a better fellow
than whom does not "live, move or
have his being"—received a letter
from a gentleman in a neighboring
city, inquiring for a trunk which
had been misplaced or lost, adding
by way of description: "The trunk
has 'A. B.' marked on the left end."

Whereupon he received from the
agent the following answer: "After
a careful inspection of all the
baggage at this depot, and very
mature deliberation thereupon, we
are of the opinion that both ends
of your trunk are left."

If Lincoln is elected, the Union
will dissolve. If Douglas is elected,
we will have the best Rights
President we have ever had—Jack-
son and Pierce not excepted—Au-
gustus (Ga) Constitutionalist.

Yes and the best Northern rights
President, the best Western rights
President since the adminis-
tration of "Old Hickory"—a Presi-
dent who will respect the rights,
guard the interests and promote the
welfare of the whole Union, one
and indivisible.

"Where are you going?" said
a young gentleman to an elderly
one in a white cravat, whom he over-
took a few miles from Little
Rock: "I am going to Heaven my
son; I have been on the way there
for eighteen years." "Well good
bye, old fellow; if you have been
traveling toward Heaven eighteen
years and got no nearer to it than
Arkansas, I'll take another route."

In 1858 the Republican pa-
pers were extravagant in extolling
Mr. Douglas and in support of his
views. Mr. Douglas now is just
what he was then; and still the
Republicans, honest, consistent
souls, are now torturing his course
to be for slavery, just because it
suits their party purposes to de-
ceive and lie.

THE PRESS.

Eaton, Ohio.

Thursday, Oct. 4, 1860.

The Union—What it is Worth!

More than all the abstractions
which the fertile brains of the dis-
unionists of the South can conjure
up in a life time. We are no
alarmists. But the times are fraught
with peril, and the demand for
firm, disinterested patriotism is as
great now as it was in 1776. We
are in danger, are threatened by
some of the Southern disunionists
with revolution. The leaders of
the secession party have already
written out their programme, and
that is, if Lincoln is elected Presi-
dent in November next, the South
must be precipitated into a revolu-
tion. We should not care for such
threats and ravings, but that they
come from those who, in so many
interests, are allied to us. They
come from men of the South, who
have borne with us the results and
wrongs of a reckless abolition
horde—who have common inter-
ests, hopes and sympathies with our-
selves. They know this; and they
are hoping that these common ties
are to drive us to their support and
countenance in their revolutionary
movements.

They may be mistaken. It is
true Virginia has been the foremost
in maintaining the rights of the
States under the Constitution, and
in defending any and every en-
croachment upon those rights.—
She has stood as the vanguard in
the great battles with abolition fa-
naticism. And she is still as true
to the South as the needle to the
pole. Her interests, sympathies
and hopes are still inseparably con-
nected with the interests of the
South. All this is true. But
while it is true, we do not hesitate
to affirm that she is not willing to
give up all the blessings and prin-
ciples vouchsafed to her in the
American Union for the wild ab-
stractions of the restless spirits
who live in the South. Virginia
loves the South—but she cannot
be made to give to the winds all
her hopes and prosperity and peace
for a myth. Her heart, in every
throbbing beats in unison with the
South, in their devotion to South-
ern institutions; but she will not
be so lost to reason as to purchase
revolution, discord, civil war, de-
vastation, rapine and bloodshed,
and ruin for a mere tradition.—
Nay men may talk of the Union be-
ing valueless, as though freedom,
such as we enjoy, floated on every
stream.

We remember that it required
the toil and blood of the freemen of
1776, and the labor and efforts of
eighty years to build up the most
noble and happy government on
which the sun has ever shone.—
And shall we, like Sampson, in his
blindness and rage, pull down its
gorgeous pillars, that we may
crush ourselves beneath its ruins?
But these insane fire-eaters tell us
that they are battling for principle.
So be it. What principle is it that
rises so high but that it is lost in
the shadows of the glorious temple
of the American Union? We
would die for principle, say they,
even though it be but an abstrac-
tion and impracticable. Ah, in-
deed, and bequeath to their child-
ren the wreck of a happy nation,
and leave them to worry out their
years in toiling in the midst of dis-
order, cruelty and death!

Let freesoilism rave—let Black
Republicanism raise its hateful
head, and spitefully hiss as it is
wont; so long as it draws its slimy
length through the North, and
does not venture to interfere with
our quiet here, we will not be dis-
turbed. They may hold what doc-
trine they please; the practice of it

is another matter.

It will be time enough to talk of
forsaking the good old ship when
the feet of the invaders of our
rights are heard on the decks.—
The disunion craft looks too small
for us—it runs too low—we do not
like its commander—her compass
is not reliable. We prefer, for the
present, the safe, broad decked ves-
sel—the American Union—and by
the help of God, we mean still to
tread her decks, and if we fight we
mean to fight with her guns and
under the shadow of a flag broad
enough to protect every American
citizen, North, East, South and
West and the Constitution.

God gave us birth in the Ameri-
can Union under the Constitution.
We intend to stay there. And we
intend to stay or go wherever we
can lift our eyes and see floating
o'er our heads the glorious flag of
our Union.

A happy Family, Republicans Read.
We give the following sentences
and submit to the reader, if the re-
publican party is not a happy and
harmonious family.

"In the name of freedom, in the
name of christianity, we enter our
protest against the murder of John
Brown. * * * He had not
a fair and impartial trial. The jury
were made up of his bitterest en-
emies, who thirsted for his blood,
and who had sworn to hang him
before they took their seats in the
jury box." * * * * *

"He was not tried by his peers.
The very men who captured, tried
and executed him, were more guilty
of treason, wrong and crime,
than he, and were tenfold fitter
subjects for the gallows than he.—
They were his inferiors in every
respect." * * * "But poor
Brown is dead, and our sympathies
can not warm his brave heart into
life again." * * * "All
classes unite in expression of deep
sorrow for the fate of the brave
old man"—Eaton Register, Decem-
ber 8, 1859, (six days after Brown's
execution.)

"We denounce the lawless inva-
sion by armed forces of any State or
Territory no matter under what
pretext, as among the gravest of
crimes."—4th Section of the Repub-
lican Chicago Platform.

"They talk a great deal about
John Brown. We repudiated him.
John Brown was no republican.—
They talk of him, that mad man,
driven on by madness, and deluded
by superstitious notions, that he
was commissioned by the Almighty,
* * * * *

John Brown was one who did not
believe there was any law for slav-
ery. But this is not the doctrine
of the republican party"—Sam
Craighead's Speech.

"John Brown believed there was
no law for slavery. A majority of
the republican party believe the
same thing and if Mr. Craighead is
curious on that point, let him en-
quire at West Elkton, Winchester
and other points throughout the
county."—A true republican in Eaton.

Wonder where our friends of
the Register stand now on the John
Brown raid. We believe they sup-
port the Chicago Platform, and
perhaps they may be induced to
vote for Mr. Craighead. But to
think that the republican platform
charges our neighbor with
sympathizing with a man guilty of
"the gravest of crimes" and wor-
thy of national denunciation, is too
much. But to cap the climax, we
publish below a song which we clip
from the Dayton Empire of last Sat-
urday. The Editor of the Empire
says that the song was written last
fall by a leading republican of Eaton
and was sung in our town, and that
he now has the authors name and
the original manuscript. It can't be
possible that this is so. The Empire
man is certainly trying to slander

some of Mr. Craighead's friends over
here. Yet the Empire man
might be able in a pinch to pro-
duce the manuscript in a hand writ-
ting, that is quite familiar to us all
who knows! we will however ten-
der our columns, to any gentleman
who will deny, and disprove this
foul slander. But let us have the
song.

Song to the Atonement Burns.
Old John Brown, his noble deeds,
Freedom's cause he proudly pleads—
In her front he nobly leads,
To set the captive free.

He was tr'd without the laws,
Bravely died in freedom's cause,
And merits freedom's just applause,
To set the captive free.

Low'ring clouds obscure the sun,
When the cowardly deed was done,
Freedom lost her noblest son;
To set the captive free.

He bravely fought on Kansas' plain;
The border ruffian proudly slain,
Freedom flowed in every vein;
To set the captive free.

Beave old man, his race is run,
With him, fell his noble son,
In the conflict now begun,
To set the captive free.

A noble work thus begun,
Will not die out with the man,
For God induced the plan,
To set the captive free.

Thats all good Lincoln and
Craighead republicanism. Not reas-
on about that! No one but the
most devoted lover of his country,
could ever compress so large an
amount of pure patriotism in so
small a space. Let the Democrat-
ic Press throughout the district
give this matter publicity merely
for the purpose of showing how
many unaged animals of a differ-
ent nature can live together happi-
ly, in the black republican menag-
erie.

Who made Kansas Free.
The Toledo Herald and Times
say to Democrats who are in favor
of the principles of self government,
ask your Republican neighbors who
made Kansas free? Ask them who
it was that prevented Congress in
the exercise of "sovereign power
over the territories from forcing
Kansas into the Union as a Slave
State? And then who it was that
defeated the "Lecompton fraud?"
Ask them who it was that secured
to the people of Kansas the right to
make their own Constitution and
enact their own laws? Ask them
if, when Douglas was battling
against overwhelming odds, against
an Administration that he himself
helped to place in power, against
every branch of the government,
against all the patronage of the
President, for the right of the peo-
ple of Kansas to decide the question
of slavery for themselves, they did
not approve of his course, and laud
him for his courage and fidelity?—
Ask them if he does not stand now
precisely where he stood then?—
And ask them what he has done
since this noble act of heroism in
defeating the stupendous fraud at-
tempted to be perpetrated upon the
people of Kansas, to forfeit their
confidence. Tell them he is the
same gallant Douglas, standing be-
fore the people as the representa-
tive of the great principle for which
he so nobly and fearlessly contended
in the memorable Lecompton
struggle. Ask them if they are in
favor of surrounding the territories
and the "people thereof," to the
supreme control of Congress! and
if they are not, but believe that the
people of the territories are as ca-
pable of self-government as are the
people of the State, and tell them
that STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS is
the great advocate of this doctrine
of "self government," and that for
defending this right of the people,
he is persecuted by a faithless Presi-
dent. Tell them that the republican
party are in league with the Presi-
dent, to defeat the man who rescued
the people of Kansas from the clutches
of the slavery propagandists, and
prove it to them by reading from
the republican papers the glowing
accounts of the progress and
strength of the Yancey-Breckin-
ridge party. Ask your republican
neighbors all these questions and
keep asking them, and you will
secure for Douglas the support of
every honest Republican who is
not so blinded by partisan prej-
udice that no evidence of his error
will change his opinions. Keep
these truths—for they are as true
as the "Book of Genesis," before
the people and every honest man
who believes that the people are
sovereign, will vote for STEPHEN
A. DOUGLAS.

\$5,000 Reward.
We will freely give the above re-
ward for the name of any man living
in Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Wiscon-
sin or Iowa, whom the Republicans
will certify to be a genuine, true-
blue abolitionist. A few years ago
all parties in the land were free to
admit—not only admit, but con-
demn and execrate the fact that
certain men were abolitionists.—
According to republican authority
there are no abolitionists in any of
these States now. Lovejoy was once
disparaged by all classes of decent
men for a foul negro thief. Heran
for Congress and received about
thirty votes. He is the nominee
of the Republican party (of course
not abolitionist) by acclamation.—
Lovejoy is not an abolitionist now;
oh! no! he is a republican. Hold-
ing the identical views now, that
he has for years, he has ceased to
be an abolitionist in the estimation
of this bring-government-back-to-
first principles party and becomes
a star republican. So it is with
the whole race of abolitionists.—
Their tracks are lost. They do not
find it necessary to run an abolition
candidate now. Wonderful Henry
Clay followers! Beautiful conserva-
tism! Fine way to bring every-
thing back to the principles of the
fathers! Lovejoy, Giddings, Hale,
Sumner, Trumbull, Oglesby, Wade,
Schurz, and a little fellow in this
town that we heard say that a nig-
ger was as good as a white man—
we would like to see this crowd all
standing in a row dressed up in the
old "continentals" of Washington,
Adams, Jefferson, Hancock and
others of the fathers, and bring the
government back to first principles,
to wit: that "a white man is as
good as a nigger."

Our offer at the head of this ar-
ticle is a standing one. We will
give it freely just to see a man who
is so doubly distilled black that the
republicans will admit that he is
an abolitionist. Who takes?—
Decatur Magnet.

A high Compliment from a Republican
to Mr. Douglas
The Boston Traveller, leading
Republican paper, in speaking of
him, says that in his contest in
1858 "he won the greatest personal
political victory known in our his-
tory." In reviewing his political
career the same paper says:

Thus he has had eighteen years
of Senatorial life conferred upon
him, and six of that of Representa-
tive, beside having held half a doz-
en other offices, though he is now
only forty-seven years old. Should
he be elected President, his con-
gressional career will have covered
exactly eighteen years, fourteen of
which will belong to his Senatorial
history. It is seldom that the
life of any man presents so much of
success, in so short a time as we
find in the twenty six years that have
passed away since his majority was
completed. As a general thing this
success has not been undeserved; if
we look only at the intellectual side
of things. Mr. Douglas probably
has no intellectual superior among
the statesmen and politicians of the
United States. His speeches and
writings are strong, clear, precise
and logical. He has participated
in all the great Congressional de-
bates of the last seventeen years,
not to speak of his enormous labors
"on the stump," and in conventions
and caucuses. Rarely has it been
his lot to be beaten. He was more
than a match for Mr. Webster in
1850, when that illustrious man
endeavored to show that the De-
mocracy were responsible for the
pro-slavery character of the Gov-
ernment.

"Free Homes."
The record of Hamlin against the
homestead bill troubles the Black
Republicans. "Mr. President," said
he, in the speech he delivered on
the 20th of July, 1854, "from an
examination of this measure I have
found myself unable to support it
in any of the aspects in which it
has been presented to the Senate.
I speak of the original bill. I see
no sound principle of political econ-
omy upon which such a measure
can be based. I think there is
none. At least there is none which
carries conviction to my judg-
ment."

A lady asked a minister
whether a person might not be
fond of dress and ornament with-
out being proud.

"Madam" said the minister,
"when you see the fox's tail peep-
ing out of the hole you may be sure
the fox is within."

Tom—"What ails your eye,
Joe?" Joe—"I told a man he lied."

Subscribe for the "Press."

A Wide Awake Gets a Curtain
lecture from his Amiable Spouse.
A pretty time, indeed, for you to
come home, sir! Where have you
been all night? You smell as if
you had been in search of Symma-
through a tar barrel. Talk of sul-
phuretted hydrogen, or superanu-
ated eggs! They ain't anywhere.—
Say, where have you been? Here
I've been lying awake for the last
five hours, waiting for you to come.
Now I want to know where you
have been all this time? With I
wouldn't bother you—tell me in the
morning? I want to know now;
it's near enough morning to know
where one's husband has been all
night, and particularly if he comes
home perfumed clear through as
you are. You mustn't good wife
me. That won't answer. Sup-
pose you were a woman, and your
husband should go off every night
in the week, and come home as you
do, and—I wish you'd get up and
let some fresh air in the room, or I
shall certainly suffocate—what
would you say?

Don't you imagine there would
be a row in the family? Been with
the Wide Awakes? I should think
as much. You're a wide awake
fool, that's what you are. I've al-
ways thought you had about sense
enough to parade the streets with
those nigger lovers. Why did I
marry you? That's a pretty ques-
tion. Didn't you swear that you'd
shoot yourself if I didn't take pity
on you? I'm sorry I didn't pity
you to shoot, or hang, or drown
yourself. It would have been the
best thing I ever did in my life.—
What is it smells so? Nothing?
Don't tell me nothing, it never
smelled so in the world. Had to
carry a torch? That's sweet busi-
ness for a man who pretends to be
the father of a large family. Next
thing I shall expect to hear from
you is, that you've been splitting
rails for general circulation. I
know nothing about politics? Don't
eh? I don't want to know nothing
about politics, if I have to neglect
my family and carry stinking torches
for the benefit of a lazy man in
Illinois who is trying to be Presi-
dent.

Want to sleep, I thought you
were a Wide Awake. I suppose
you've kept awake to-night on
whisky, haven't you? Where have
you been all this time? The town
clock has just struck three. Been
to Tonawanda to raise a liberty pole.
That's a sweet note. Why didn't
the Wide Awakes of Tonawanda
raise their own pole? I expect Re-
publicans are scarce in that section,
and you've been trying to make a
great splurge. Well, you can't
fool anybody. I believe I know
something about politics myself,
and I know that you are drunk.—
That's what you are. Must go to
sleep, must you? Why didn't you
think of that before? I've had a
sleep to-night, and you never once
thought of me. You're an old
brute, and just such a man as ought
to vote for an old rail splitter.—
Vote for Douglas if I let you alone.
Mr. Douglas don't want such votes.
He will be elected without your
vote. But now that you show
signs of returning reason, I'll let
you go to sleep.—Cleveland Plain-
dealer.

A Sign in the South.
Last week, says the Marion (Ala)
American, a bet of \$500 being made
that there were not fifty Douglass
votes in Salem, a thorough canvass
of the city was made and the fol-
lowing result obtained:

Bel.....223
Douglass.....143
Breckinridge.....77

The above figures are not "straws"
but facts, and show how the Breck-
inridge ticket is sweeping the State
and "overwhelming everything."

While the census taker was
collecting his statistics in Searport,
Me., he found a girl 13 years old,
who was the mother of a child of
ten months.

"Mother," exclaimed a little
poet of four summers, "listen to the
wind making music for the leaves
to dance by."

"Mary" ask Charles what an-
imal dropped from the clouds?—
"The rain, dear," was whispered
reply.

A man who won't take a pa-
per because he can borrow one, has
invented a machine, with which he
can cook his dinner by the smoke
of his neighbor's chimney.

Fools like the hedges which
bound the road of life; what can
the wise man do but smile, as he
passes along?

Tom—"What ails your eye,
Joe?" Joe—"I told a man he lied."

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